THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Be true.

Be none at last,
When each doth bear his sorrow's load
And all our joys are number'd with the past.

Be true when bright winged blest is gone,
Like evening shades it mourneage brightest hour
When Care and Sorrow each try with the flower
With magic power.

When laugh remains to cheer
Save some purer relicks of our memory.
Some lingering tokens of the by-gone year,
Now thought of thee.

All—all are gone but this,
Have passed like dew drops from the rose away—
And shall we be the only hopes of bliss,
When weave hope.

As if the hope when bright
And strong was the bow of manhood's dreams;
For ever with pale disappointments blight,
To check each gleam.

But still be none
My heart shall still confess to that name,
And linked to thee as to some wasted shrine,
Are thoughts of fame.

Philada 1841. S. H.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Sorceress.

Or, First Love shall be Last Love.

BY DR. SAMUEL C. OLIVER.

CHAPTER I.

About the spring of 1830 three young friends, who had graduated in Philadelphia, were on the eve of departing southward, where one of them, a Virginian, was residing.

"I am a graduate, and can write with as much justice as M. D. to my name, as the wood looking professor of the University of Pennsylvania. What say you, doctors, will we not practice a famine?" said one of the three, the undersigned, and seated himself in the window in which we may settle—are you both ready for going to-night?"

"Yes," replied Alfred Morton of South Carolina.

"Marcus Hayward, M. D. goes to Virginia on the finder of the philosopher's stone, and the great Elixir of Life. Philosophy—no, I mean the Age of Methuselah, and the days of the ancient patriarchs, but are we depart, we must consult Mr. Ferneau Gall, as he understands the science of the curtain of the future with admirable skill! I fear I shall be called upon for some of the skull's wisdom-lore."

How buoyant are the hopes and feelings of young professional men! they seem to take the world on their shoulders, and every grasp is a wealth and fame! They go forth,—they disappear like the fallen leaves of autumn. Three years have passed, and absent from their respective homes about two years, and from their personal sight ages, may I from their hearts! Friendship, how fond and hard to each other,—students are claimed from instinct—joyous days of ambition and hope! Alas! to the heart of many a heart leaps mind the dangers of the world, like the undefined gloom which sweeps down the breathing crags of the mountains, reflecting the rays of the sunny sky, and hanging out the banner of pleasure upon a pathway of beauty!

Harold Alston, the Georgian, heard the proposition of Morton, and objected to the proposed west and south. Alston was a tall, dark young man of seventeen, and fervidly clasped among his fellow students.

"Does the fortune-teller live here?" asked Morton, looking at a tall dingy house, in one of the southern suburbs of the city, standing high above the fashion, in a large garden.

"This is the academy of necromancy; the only place where you can learn true science of understanding—follow me and learn your destiny."

This dark sarcasm upon the dark art, was made by a young and beautiful girl, who invited them to enter a large room, and motioned them to seat themselves in three flights of stairs. They found themselves suddenly left without any trace of their guide; whilst the room behind them was shut apparently to prevent them from descending.

"Our fair angel has disappeared," said Morton, "and left us without wings to follow her."

After a short while, their suspense was relieved, for suddenly a set of folding doors was thrown open, presenting a scene of the most beautiful nature; various drawings were hung around, showing ancient and modern scientific books, and the atmosphere became rifeious and rich were interrogated! In rather a richly decorated chair sat a wild and beautiful figure; her dress black and rich, and her complexion dark countenance; the image around reflected different shades of color; more so dull and glaring as the spectre which presided over the scene.

Standing at a tall dingy book case, was lit up with a brilliant flame, and a beautiful and exquisitely dressed girl, standing before the mysterious skull and in a thrilling and irregular air, accompanied by an unseen instrument, sang the following words:

Come ye no look behind to sorrow's cloud,
And learn from me the stern decree of fate!
Who looks together must be changed,
Which hides together mortal's love and hate!
Both thief of the heart, whose name is Love,
The test is here to prove. To tell be mine!

These words were repeated, or rather sung in a tremulous and solemn tone by the mysterious lady in the chair. Directly the room became partially darkened, and a light appeared in front of the fair angel, and Alston looked up the beautiful girl had disappeared.

Morton replied as a half laughing tone to the singers, through the very effort which it cost him showed that he had encountered a powerful enemy in putting his nerves to their utmost tension.

"Yes we are merely to be left in the dark, simply it may be rash; yet the task no doubt to see and hear will be more than we dare."

"Recollect young men," said the tall giant figure, rising and disclosing a long white beard, "that the singing as of only held by lignifiers ready to break and let those who have left their fortune. It will not be a dream that the first light of the morning will disappear. Mr. Morton, you will be closer than the shadow which the cloud and the darkness have been. They will run with you and dog your heels.—And you Mr. Alston, you will be pursued by the sorceress, step forth and see how you stand in the magic circle."

Morton step forward to the spot pointed to him, when a flash of fire issued from the floor, and he still the success disappeared. No perceptible chasm could be seen where he stood, but a small and beautiful wooden tendril in at different points. Morton's light was extinguished, and he was seated in the window with his countenance so changed that his companions scarcely recognised him, re-appeared. Again the mysterious lights appeared in front of the sorceress before them!

"I wish to see more," said Alston, "see far into the future; my cousin have attempted to deter me and usurp my destination—they have not succeeded, and I will not triumph. Look! Look! and say what is before you, and then I will look at your friends to examine the scene."

They spoke the sorceress, no strange figure seemed to rise from the floor, and in the place of the magic globe appeared. Morton's countenance changed as he looked upon the scene, and he was seated in every feature.

"I see," said he, "my brother and my father; I see the last scene of that thrilling and melancholy existence—I see new faces—I see a beautiful girl—and then there are men contending—a stage, closely and I—I—"

"Ah!" replied the sorceress, "if the past be so fearfully reproduced—what if the future shall cast the shadow of its coming events? Look, and tell me the young's globe! You are to have perils. You are to have many who shall not love you. You are to have a friend. Your friend will marry your widow." Morton sank in his seat, and covered his face with his hands.

"Ay!" continued the fortune teller, knitting her shrivelled brows together, and looking towards Morton, "until may you ponder over what you have beheld."

"Come," said she, suddenly turning to Alston, "thou unfortune and behold the transcript of the future!"

Harold Alston, though firmly resolved when he started with his companions to resist fear, felt an indescribable dread.

"Read," said the sorceress, "from my cards."

"Sword of all is early life,
An orphan leaves the threshold knife—
Sorrows a hero; and a wife—

"It is true I lost both my parents at an early age—true; but I was capable of appreciating my loss. It is true that with great pressure of money once presented—while quite young—I was tenderly from carrying out his designs, even whilst the remembered blade was raised over the sleeping bosom of a friend, by firing a pistol through the arm of the assassin. It is true that that friend adopted me as his son, and I was his heir to a handsome estate; the Devil's eyes about to be reconciled—in a freak of ill humor, they were destroyed, by himself! All is true! all is strange! but yet chance may have accidentally thrown up the cards, which they seem to list my fate."

"Look!" continued she, "blood! blood!" The magic globe gradually lost its beautiful transparency, and grew red as blood itself! But it had again was heard nearer and nearer; at length it burst forth, and the fair lady began in a solemn form floated before him, chanting the following lines:

Tell the gal with the raven tress,
While gazing on her sparkling eye—
For thou hast a heart of loveliness,
It were a blest to die!
Tell that to the young one,
Your heart is lost, and here is woe.

I doubt thy heart is not engaged them,
Away! with all your vows of love,—
Sing them to others, not to me!
This she'll say thy faith to prove.
Hear thee from the listening one,
Thou'lt find her heart is gone.

"Go fiddle!," exclaimed the beautiful angel, as she gracefully bound to Alston, "when you see me on the stage, it shall not be a fiend. Fiddle shall be last love!"

The room was suddenly darkened, and the floor shook. Before their surprise had departed they were left alone in a chair—the walls were all black; and a dim light showed the sorceress.

A cold wind chill shuddered the astonished them.

"I will speak to them Hayward, thou counterpart of the incredulous Alston in the last hand he has dealt. You favor each other; already you have been mistaken for him, and love has been made a sacrifice—I mean that there is a resemblance in the effeminate nature: thou I see in thy countenance, in thy motions: but you are not brothers—you are not connected, and it will cause them sorrow; the last will last longer; when you are separated from your friends, and knows him, you will laugh and call it a good joke, a pleasant trick; but remember! let no sinister blushes and whispers in his ear, then will always be a friend to him, with a person's breast conscience will arouse thee of fraud upon her heart; and when the voice of conscience whispers to you, it shall be a friend. Farewell shall be last love!"

The room was suddenly darkened, and the door shook. Before their surprise had departed they were left alone in a chair—the walls were all black; and a dim light showed the sorceress.

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would of course be shocked if I were to call it by the unromantic name of squinting."

"Alas! it is too true. What refined or poetical associations can exist in such a case? what hero of romance ever suffered under such a calamity?"

"I am not so conversant with heroes of romance as you appear to be, and I am disposed, on every occasion, to regard the useful before the ornamental. The use of the eye is to see with, and sometimes to weep with for the follies of our friends, and an eye can equally perform these functions, whether it glances obliquely or straightforward; really, Matilda, if you have refused an amiable and accomplished man on account of a single personal defect, I think you have shown yourself equally deficient in good sense and good feeling."

"I am aware that you are a philosopher, Beatrice, and despise personal graces."

"I lay claim to no such indifference. I admire a fine countenance as much as I do a beautiful country, but I would not marry the proprietor of the one, or fix my residence in the neighborhood of the other, without inquiring whether they possessed many advantages which I should deem of far greater consequence than mere outward recommendations. I only hope poor Elliott does not know of your unfeeling objection."

"I believe my aunt unwarily hinted it to him, but I am extremely hurt, Beatrice, that you should call me unfeeling; excess of feeling is my bane."

Beatrice was on the point of replying to this speech, but she reflected that, clever and rational as she was, she could not hope, by a few occasional visits, to remedy the long-accumulated evils of a faulty system of education. Matilda, with the exception of two years passed at a fashionable frivolous boarding-school, had been entirely brought up by a maiden aunt—a sentimental lady of the olden time, who wept over trashy novels and second-rate poetry, played the harp and lute, gave charity to all interesting and picturesque objects, and boasted an expansive field for the exercise of her domestic affections, in the possession of an "unknown quantity" of lapdogs, birds, squirrels, gold-fish, and white mice, to whom she devoted half her time, and more than half her thoughts. Beatrice, on the contrary, had been educated by a sensible mother, and after her death became the constant companion of an intelligent brother. She affixed very little value to dress, equipage, or personal appearance, but she felt compassion rather than disdain for those who did not possess the same force of judgment and strength of mind as herself. She took leave of Matilda kindly and affectionately, but that young lady, who was one of those soft, languid, gentle creatures, who violently resent the slightest contradiction to their opinions, or interference with their caprices, coldly and distantly bade her good morning, and did not recover her equanimity till she had listened to a dozen compliments from her aunt and her waiting-maid, fondled an Italian greyhound for a quarter of an hour, and read half a volume of a French romance, the hero of which was distinguished for the beauty of his eyes.

Several months elapsed; Elliott had ceased visiting at Mrs. Lucretia Weston's, but he visited first weekly, and then daily, at the house of Mr. Harwood: rumor ascribed his visits to the attraction of Beatrice. One morning she called on Matilda Weston.

"Will you excuse me," she said, "if I ask whether you retain any predilection for Elliott, whether you repent of your rejection of him?"

"Assuredly I do not," replied Matilda; "I have received letters from three young friends at the establishment where my education was finished, beside a beautiful and eloquent one from the French teacher, expressing their entire approbation of my conduct."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," answered Beatrice; "I need not now scruple to accept the proposals which have been made to me by Elliott."

"Do you actually think of marrying Elliott? My dear lovely Beatrice—what a sacrifice!"

Beatrice smiled; her bright hazel eyes danced as gaily as if those of her lover had equalled them in freedom and gracefulness of motion.

"It is not a sacrifice in my opinion," she replied; "I only fear that I am not deserving of the happiness in store for me. I am sure I have your good wishes, Matilda, and if I forfeit all claims to the honor of being considered a heroine of romance by you, I can only say that I hope to endure the degradation with as much resignation as can reasonably be expected."

The "course of true love" seemed for once to run perfectly smooth in the wooing of Elliott and Beatrice Harwood; the house was taken, and the *trousseau* purchased, the bridesmaids selected, and the settlements completed, when an unexpected obstacle occurred: a delay was asked for by the bridegroom elect—he declined explaining the reason of his request, but merely stated that he must necessarily be absent from London for a few weeks. Various scandalous rumors were prevalent—some said that he was tired of his engagement, some that he was striving to appease the vengeance of a former *fiancée*, a few hinted at a duel, and some surmised that he might be occupied in that extremely unsatisfactory and unexhilarating game of grown gentlemen, known by the name of "playing at hide-and-seek with one's creditors." Matilda Weston conceived that he had flown to bewail his disfigurement in solitude, unwilling to exact from Beatrice the sacrifice she had avowed herself ready to make. Harwood took the safe and popular course of declaring that "he did not know what to think about it;" but Beatrice neither wept, temporized, nor sentimentalized; she observed, with great quietness and simplicity, that Elliott had always a good reason for what he did, and that she doubted not he would be able, on his return, to explain his absence perfectly to their satisfaction.

In a few weeks Elliott justified the confidence of Beatrice; he returned, the marriage took place, and cards were duly sent to the friends of both parties, and among others to Matilda Weston. She called on the happy pair, and the thought involuntarily passed through her mind, as she ascended the wide staircase, that she should like to have so handsome a house of her own, and so stylish a livery servant to usher in her visitors. The bride was alone, and seated, according to established custom, close to a table covered with splendidly bound volumes. The bride and her friend had not conversed together above five minutes before Elliott entered. He addressed Matilda, and reluctantly and painfully did she raise her eyes to his, knowing too well the sight she should encounter. Strange to relate, however, she did not encounter it; the eyes of Elliott were as well placed, and as free from any singular appearance as her own. She imagined herself nervous, fanciful, dreaming—she turned to Beatrice and addressed an observation to her, then again looked on the features of her former lover, and found that Miss Porter herself might have acknowledged his eyes as a part of the personal property of her very handsome hero.

It is exceedingly improper for a well-bred young lady, and still more so for a heroine of romance, to be guilty of the enormity of staring; but Matilda could not remove her gaze from the countenance of Elliott. She thought of the tales of enchantment that she had read in her infancy, and of the kind fairies who removed a hump from the back of Edwin of the Green; then she recalled some anecdotes that she had read in Brewster's Natural Magic, (which she had procured on account of the concluding word of the title,) and surmised that she must be laboring under an optical delusion. The voice of the bride aroused her from her nervous reverie.

"You are struck by the alteration in Elliott's appearance," she said; "if you look at this little book, you will see that it can be accounted for in a very easy manner." And as she spoke, she extracted from the mass of splendid annuals a pamphlet which she held toward Matilda. It was Guthrie's treatise on the cure of Strabismus.

Elliott, after his marriage with Beatrice was fixed, had heard of the success of this operation; he was resolved to undergo it, and equally resolved to take nobody into his confidence. He passed a few weeks in the country till his perfect recovery had taken place, and presented himself to his affianced bride the same, and yet different, the transformation of his eyes being so complete, so materially to alter and improve the general expression of his countenance.

Matilda attempted to falter out a congratulation to her friends, but it sounded much more like a condolence to herself; she hastily took leave of them, and spoiled, for the time being, her own pretty eyes with crying over the unexpected metamorphosis of those of her discarded lover.

"How wonderful are the blessings of modern science!" said Beatrice to her husband.

"They are," replied Elliott; "but I was just then thinking on the blessings of a sound mind and solid education; they enabled you, Beatrice, to disregard the personal imperfection of one whose mind and disposition you felt to be congenial to your own, and gave me an assurance that I otherwise never could have had of your sincere and well-founded attachment. I shall always think of my former defect with gratitude, because it opened my eyes to the real character of Matilda Weston. I had been prepossessed in her favor by her apparent softness and sensibility, and nothing but actual inexperience could have convinced me that her feelings were all affectation, and her love all selfishness."

Frauds in New Orleans.

Bulwer says, in his last novel, that certain crimes often become, as it were, epidemic in a country, and that one while murders, at another time robberies, and again other kinds of transgressions against law become more frequent. There is great truth in the remarks, and fraud appears to be the crime in vogue just now. A letter from New Orleans says that the same system of forgery and plundering has been going on there which has been prevalent latterly at the north. The letter is under date of the 27th ult. We extract a paragraph:

"Our citizens have, within a day or two, been surprised and shocked at several instances, of peculation and fraud on the part of certain officers of two of our banks. In the one case the book keeper of the Louisiana State Bank is accused of having overdrawn his account in that institution fully eighty thousand dollars. His sudden disappearance led to an examination of the affair, when the defalcation was discovered. The excitement consequent upon the development of this delinquency had not subsided, when a rumor prevailed that two of the clerks of the Bank of Louisiana (the first book keeper and receiving teller) had absconded, and that a deficit of some $70,000 had been discovered. As the banks in question have so far published nothing explanatory of these alleged malversations, there may be some inaccuracy with regard to the amounts abstracted, but as respects the fact of large deficits having been ascertained, and of the departure of the delinquents—most probably to Texas—there can scarcely be a doubt."

New Volcanic Island.

The English newspapers contain an account of a new Island, discovered off the Cape of Good Hope. It is undoubtedly one of those volcanic masses often thrown up at sea, which, after being the world's wonder for a while, disappear forever. The island was discovered by the ship Adolphe, Capt. Couttois. He says:

"On the 19th of October, a sailor at the mast head called to me that he fancied there was land in sight, a fact which seemed strange, since on the preceding day, we had attained a more southerly latitude than that of the Cape des Aiguilles, in whose direction we were. Having, however, made a very attentive observation, we were perfectly satisfied of the presence of land.—We had then the Cape bearing W. ¼ N. and were sailing with a wind from the S. S. E. The island seemed to run E. S. E. and W. N. W. at a distance of about 18 miles. Its greatest length appeared to us to be between two and three miles—extending nearly S. E. and N. W. According to the point made at noon, and compared with the time of our last observation, the position of the island will be 34 deg. 5 min. South latitude, and 21 deg. 21 min. East longitude."

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1841.

The Mammoth Sheets.

We verily believe, that the publication of weekly newspapers in the United States, has been brought to the acme of perfection. No man dare now profess ignorance of what is occurring around him. If too poor to purchase, or at too great a distance conveniently to receive a daily sheet, the large weeklies are promptly at his door, laden with the entire news of the week, and the freshest and raciest literary matter. Nor is the intelligence given in scanty and ill-assorted scraps—but in *full body*, with the complete particulars of every thing detailed, and all at the pitiful price of Two Dollars Per Annum. The advantage of such sheets in remote country towns at such a price, cannot easily be calculated. The man who is most retired from the busy world, becomes a calm and constant spectator of its doings, is always apprized of the course of events, and is a happier and better citizen because of his knowledge. Philadelphia has long been the great mart for literary works, and especially for periodicals monthly and weekly. Recently, however, our sister cities of New York and Boston, have awakened to the work, and have felt the importance of contributing their quota, to swell the stream, which purifies, elevates, and refines the minds and manners of the people. For it cannot be concealed from the clear headed thinker, that the people of this Country are educated, more by the newspaper and periodical press, than by the heavy volumes of the booksellers. It springs from the very constitution of American Society, and the habits of the People. Everything is done here, as if by steam, and what is done, must always be done as if the time was allotted for its performance by a hard task master, and it was entirely too short to do the work. Hence, even education, has in many cases (we will not say in most) to be snatched from the hand of greedy toil, instead of being a part of the business of existence. For a people thus whirled along in the vortex of business, the newspaper, which can be snatched up in a moment, and as quickly laid aside, coming with the freshest literary intelligence of the day, in addition to the full particulars of occurrences transpiring both in Europe and at home; forms the most agreeable medium of instruction, and the most appropriate relaxation of hours stolen from labor. So that the large weekly papers of the day, seem better fitted to the wants of a country population, like our own, than any thing that could be devised.

This city, must be permitted however, still to assert the pre-eminence of its later co-laborers; inasmuch, as the *price*, is still in its favor, as well as number and style. The Saturday Evening Post, which has been appropriately styled "The *Philadelphia Mammoth*," is sold at the old low rate of *two dollars, cash*, whilst its cotemporaries of New York and Boston are issued at *three dollars*. And those of our own city, which are *full one third less*, are published for no less than the Post, viz $2 per annum for a single copy. Thus it will be seen at a glance, that we *issue a paper cheaper than any published in the Union*, by at least one-third.

The superior facilities which this old established office possesses, for printing a beautiful, as well as a cheap and valuable Family Newspaper, will always enable us to keep the lead of any opposition; and we acknowledge the kindness of our large list of subscribers, in being prompt to perceive, and in responding to the claims of the establishment.

To prove that our efforts are properly appreciated, and that we do not overrate the worth of the Post, we append a few more *notices of the press*.

"The Saturday Evening Post has come to hand with an entire new dress, and of the mammoth size. It is undoubtedly one of the very best miscellaneous family newspapers in the Union. Any person desirous of obtaining from Philadelphia an excellent paper, would do well by taking the Post."—*Spirit of Times, Mifflintown.*

"The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post has come out in an entirely new dress, and is greatly enlarged. It is now decidedly the handsomest weekly published in the city of brotherly love."—*Alleghanian.*

"The Saturday Evening Post.—This interesting and highly popular family paper, published by George R. Graham & Co. in Philadelphia, has been enlarged and otherwise much improved. It is now not only the handsomest, but also, without exception, the most useful and entertaining miscellaneous paper published in that city. Terms, $2 per annum."—*Yeoman, Harr.*

"The Saturday Evening Post.—This old sterling family sheet has made a surprising start lately in the world, and bids fair to drive all its competitors out of notice. It has been enlarged to the size of the New York mammoths, and although twice as valuable in the quality of its literary and news material, is still supplied to subscribers at only two dollars per annum. The Post is a rich, racy, interesting periodical, a very jewel of a newspaper, and as such will be found by all who look over its ample pages."—*Times, Philada.*

"The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest weekly periodical in Philadelphia, made its appearance on the 1st of May in entirely new type and much enlarged. This paper needs no commendation of ours: its fame as a *first-rate* family paper has long since spread over the land. It contains a great amount of original and selected reading, and is conducted with spirit and taste."—*Delaware Journal.*

"The Saturday Evening Post, a literary paper, published in Philadelphia, came to us this week enlarged, and otherwise improved in appearance. It is now the largest literary paper in Pennsylvania—beautifully printed, and filled with interesting matter. Terms, $2 in advance. We may give the prospectus in our next."—*Perry County Dem.*

"Saturday Evening Post.—We publish in to-day's paper a prospectus of this valuable family newspaper, published by George R. Graham & Co. in Philadelphia. If any of our subscribers would like to get a useful and interesting paper from that city, we would recommend them to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post; as it is the largest and cheapest family newspaper published in Philadelphia. Price two dollars per annum, invariably in advance."—*Union Star, Pa.*

"The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post has reached us in a new dress and enlarged. The Post is neutral in politics, and is one of the best city papers we receive."—*Somerset Herald.*

Is the President Safe!

Great Excitement respecting the President—Hopes entertained of her having put into Fayal, Nassau, or Newfoundland proved fallacious—A wreck supposed to be her seen at sea, by Capt. Bowman—Examination in full of Capt. Bowman and crew—List of passengers—New theory respecting her fate—proofs that she is still afloat, and all on board safe—Her arrival in the West Indies daily expected.

In our foreign news this week, we have given a somewhat detailed account of the feeling evinced in England, by the non-arrival of the steam-ship President. The hopes entertained there, that she had returned to the United States, or put into Fayal, are now known to have been fallacious, as we have arrivals of but thirteen days from the Bermudas, and late dates from Nassau, long subsequent to the periods when she ought to have reached one or the other of these places.

Another idea suggested was, that she had gone into Newfoundland; but this hope is destroyed by an arrival at Boston, on Sunday, from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland—that of the brig Attention—bringing no tidings of the President. On her way from Harbor Grace, the Attention put in at Sydney, but at neither port did the captain hear any thing of the President.

In this state of uncertainty and almost of despair, various reports are current concerning her probable fate. None of them are entitled to much credit. A rumor from Baltimore stated that a brig arrived at that port on Saturday, having on board several fragments of the steamer, taken up at sea 15 days ago; but this report has subsequently proved incorrect. Capt. Bowman of the British barque Recovery, from Bristol, at New York reports that on the 28th of March, when off Corvo, one of the Western Islands, he saw the hull of a large ship at a distance, having nothing standing above her decks. He first supposed her to be a war vessel, but now thinks she was the missing steamer. The day previously he had observed a number of floating spars, water casks and wine baskets. The mate of the brig says he saw the same vessel from aloft, *but neither thinks she was as large as the President, or that she was a man-of-war.* The Captain is supposed to be correct as it is generally believed that the President encountered the great gale of March 13th and 14th, was disabled, and could not have reached Fayal, or any of the Western Isles before the 6th of April. At the request of many persons, we publish the following list of her passengers. It will be seen that Tyrone Power, the Comedian, and the Rev. G. Cookman, Chaplain to the last session of Congress, and formerly stationed at the "Academy" and "St. Georges" churches in this city, were on board. A son of the Duke of Richmond was also a passenger.

Passengers.—H. C. Pfeiffel, of New York; A. R. Warburg, New York; Lieut. F. Lennox, and Mr. Courtenay, British army; Tyrone Power and servant, England; C. A. D. Meisagues, of Philadelphia; B. Mails, New York; C. L. Cader, Buenos Ayres; T. Palmer, Baltimore; Dr. M. Turner, Cuba; T. Blancher, Cuba; John Fraser, New York; A. Van Lobe, Jr. Amsterdam; A. S. Byrne, London; Thornlike, New York; W. W. Martin, England; E. B. Howell and friend, New York; A. Livingston, New York; Rev. G. G. Cookman, Washington city; D. Deuchar, Scotland; B. Morris and child, E. Barry, J. C. Roberts, New York; J. Leo Wolf, wife and child, Master Mohring. Total 27, and two children.

Her fate is still uncertain, although the hopes entertained for her safety, growing fainter and fainter daily, have now nearly died away. She sailed, it will be recollected, on the 10th of March, and has consequently been at sea *sixty-six* days. There is still however a faint hope, that before this she may have reached England.

On Tuesday, the British Consul examined Capt. Bowman and his crew. As every thing connected with this matter is painfully interesting, we give a detailed report of the examination, as it appeared in the N. Y. Com. Advertiser, as follows:—

"The log book was exhibited, in which, under date of March 29th (sea-time) is this entry:

'Saw the hull of a large ship, dismasted, supposed to be a man-of-war.'

The latitude was 41 degrees 40 minutes N.; the longitude 30 degrees 56 minutes West. The position of the Recovery, when the wreck was seen, was about 120 miles North of Corvo, one of the Western Islands.

The crew were called in and questioned, one by one. Robert Grant was at the wheel, on the 29th of March, at noon. The captain was taking the sun and the mate was by. Heard the captain say he saw a wreck. Witness looked but could not see it.

Four others, Robert Talbot, Joseph Gray, James Mackenzie and James McCurdy, the second mate, heard of the captain's seeing a wreck, but saw nothing of it themselves.

Mackenzie saw bottles and pieces of bulwark, painted green, floating past the barque; this was some days before the captain saw the wreck.

McCurdy saw neither wreck nor fragments.—The mate, John Boland, saw bottles, some casks, and part of a mast, floating past the barque, a day or two before the 28th of March. Did not see the piece of mast very distinctly, as it had gone by before his attention was called to it; thought that it was painted white, but could not be certain.

When the captain told him of the wreck he went aloft, immediately, but could see nothing of it. He made the entry in the log-book, by the directions of the captain.

The captain, Robert Bowman, saw a mast with cross-trees, but without a top, floating past the barque, some two days before the 28th of March. The barque was then in longitude about 29 degrees 39 minutes. Supposed it to be the mast of some timber vessel that had been wrecked upon the Western Islands.

The wreck which he saw on the 28th of March appeared to be the hull of a 28 or 36 gun ship, as he judged from the size. Could see no masts—there was no signal or flag of any kind visible. Saw the wreck broadside to, but had only a momentary glimpse. Judge the distance from the barque to be about 10 miles.

There was nothing remarkable in the mate's not being able to see the wreck from aloft. Sometimes an object at sea, owing to the state of the atmosphere, can be better seen from the deck than from the mast-head.

It is probable that at the moment when he saw the wreck, his vessel was on the top of a wave, the sea running high, and the wreck on the top of another, both at the same moment; a conjunction which might not happen again. In such a conjunction an object would be visible at the moment, but not afterward.

He was dead to windward of the wreck, and was standing on his course. If he had changed his course, the wind and drift of the current being as they were, he would have got farther away from the wreck instead of nearing it.

If there had been any body on the wreck they would have seen his masts long before he could have seen the hull, and would have hoisted signals of distress.

This was the substance of the examination. The conclusion deducible from it is that the only fact, leading to the belief that the wreck was the President, is the apparent size of the hull.

The mast seen by the mate, if painted white, did not belong to the steamship. Neither did the piece of bulwark seen by Mackenzie, if painted green, as he states. The masts of the President were indeed without tops, having cross-trees only, as was the case with the mast seen, but the case is the same with many other vessels. The floating mast probably belonged to some large barque that had been wrecked on the Islands.

There seems no cause for censure in Captain Bowman's not going to the wreck. He saw it but for a moment—if he had attempted to make for it, his vessel being a slow sailer, and heavy laden, and the sea very high, there was very little probability—indeed scarcely a possibility—of his reaching it, in the then state of the wind.

The place where the wreck was seen was in the direct track of vessels both going to and coming from this country, and scarcely a day would be likely to pass without one falling in with it.

If it was the President, there is great room for belief that it reached one of the Western Islands, not very long after it was seen by Captain Bowman."

Such is the report of the examination, together with the remarks of the New York editor thereon. We can only add that it is scarcely possible there should have been no persons living on board of the President, if her hull held together. The wreck seen could not consequently have been that ship.

Our opinion differs from any we have seen expressed. *We believe the President is still safe.* The reasons which lead us to this conclusion, are advanced with the more confidence from their having met with the sanction of more than one sea-captain of reputation.

There is no doubt that the President experienced the gale of the 13th and 14th of March, in all its fury. It is quite probable that she was dismasted, perhaps wholly disabled by it. Her rudder might have been destroyed, her wheels rendered unfit for use, or a dozen other accidents equally unfortunate might have befallen her. *But her hull has certainly escaped, and so long as that could float her passengers are safe.* No vessel perhaps ever put to sea more capable of withstanding the combined fury of the elements. The very strength and solidity of her structure, which always made her a slow sailer, would be her greatest protection in the hour of peril. Her build, her rig, the skill and watchfulness of her commander forbid the idea of her broaching to, as it is technically called. But even if thrown on her beam-ends, existence might be supported by her crew for weeks. This idea, however, though possible, is so improbable, as to forbid us to entertain it. We rather arrive at the conclusion that she was disabled in the gale, and is *now either floating in the Atlantic on her way to the West Indies, or has already reached a port there or elsewhere.*

We are led to the conclusion that she would make for the West Indies, chiefly because if dismantled in the gale of the 13th and 14th of March, she could reach their sooner than she could arrive at Europe, Fayal, or Newfoundland. Ever nautical man knows why. Her vast bulk would necessarily render her progress slow if her engines should be rendered useless either by injury or a want of fuel. Even if she should rig jury-masts her speed would still be that of a snail. She would moreover soon be in a latitude peculiarly liable to calms, where she might lie for weeks without advancing a hundred miles; and as all vessels bound to Europe now take the northern passage, she might be tossed on the ocean for months, without being spoken by a solitary sail. That she has not been met with, does not therefore, it will be seen, affect our position.

We now come to the enquiry, can her passengers and crew subsist for any length of time? We answer yes! Men on short allowance can live on a very little, and the President, besides a large quantity of stores, carried out, unless we are mis-informed, a heavy freight of flour. The probability is that this is undamaged, for, as we have shewn, she could scarcely spring a leak. She carries also a distillery, by which fresh water could be made out of salt-water. Now, admitting that all her ordinary fuel is gone, is there not sufficient extra wood-work about her, to furnish fuel for the distillery and for cooking for three months, without injuring her in the least? We are satisfied that there is. Her cabin, her bulwarks, even her stanchions, the barrels containing the flour, and a hundred things could be resorted to for fuel by men in extremity, and whose ingenuity was sharpened by hunger and peril. We have in our mind's eye a worthy sea-captain who has long sailed from this port who was once reduced to far greater straights than even this.

We shall not, therefore, give up the President yet. There is a *possibility*, we admit, that she has sunk, with all on board; but from her great strength the *probability* is, that she has only been dismantled. Her engine indeed may have exploded, but, if we recollect aright, she was built in such a manner that this generally awful calamity *could by no possibility* render her a wreck, but its terrible effects would be confined to one out of several compartments into which she was divided. As long as her hull holds together, be it even for three or four months, her passengers can manage to subsist. She may be a dismantled wreck, but a plank itself has been many a man's salvation—she may be unable to go more than a knot an hour, but even at that rate she will eventually reach a port—she may afford nothing but bread and water to her passengers and crew, but men in peril at sea will thank God that they have even that. Let us not therefore despair. Let us rather trust in the goodness of that omnipotent power, who, in the language of Scripture, spreadeth out the heavens like a tent, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand.

On a review of all these facts we come to the conclusion, which we again express, *that the President is safe.* Her security is not indeed certain, but the probabilities are in its favor.

Another rumor is afloat respecting the President. We give it for what it is worth. It first appeared in the Newark Daily Advertiser. It is a quotation from the log-book of the ship Utica from Havre to New York.

"Ship Utica, from Havre toward New York,
March 15 or 16, (date obscure.)

At 10 30 A. M. fresh breezes from the N. W.—passed the wreck of a vessel's mast, spars and yards, (or mast and yards, for the word spars appears to have been partly erased,) with sails attached thereto, the mast heads and yards being painted black: supposed them to have belonged to an English vessel dismasted in the gale of the 12th, being in the same lat. and long. in which the Utica lost many sails.
C. D. Conn, Mate.
Lat. 46, 30 N. Long. 41, 65 W."

The gentlemen who furnished the extract says,

The latitude and longitude give the position of the Utica on the 12th. Capt. Pell remarked at the time he passed the wreck, that it did not appear to belong to an ordinary merchantman, having considerable chain work about the spars. The wreck was passed so near that they were obliged to luff to prevent the copper of the Utica being scratched. Capt. Pell, before leaving port, entertained serious apprehensions that the wreck was a portion of the steam-ship President.

The masts seen by Capt. Pell, it will at once occur to every one, might have been those of the President, and yet she may still be safe. *No portion of the wreck of a hull was seen.* The masts might have been cut or carried away. In fact this information rather confirms our view of the question.

Yearly Meeting.

A yearly meeting of the Society of Friends (Hicksites) was held in the meeting house in Cherry street, during the present week.

Laying a Corner-Stone.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church, to be called "Trinity Church," at the N. E. corner of Eighth and Race streets, took place on Monday afternoon last, at four o'clock. A large number of persons, ladies as well as gentlemen, attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Bishop Hedding and the Rev. J. Kennedy officiated. The exercises were commenced by singing a hymn to the tune of "Old Hundred," after which the Bishop delivered a familiar and appropriate discourse, replete with the loftiest sentiments of the Christian religion. He was followed by the Rev. J. Kennedy in an excellent address. A collection was then taken up, and the hymn beginning

"Great God, who laid on Zion's mount,
A precious corner-stone,
More powerful than the gates of hell,
And sacred as Thy Throne."

Was sung.

After the conclusion of the hymn the corner-stone was laid by Bishop Hedding. It contained a cavity as usual, in which a box was embedded, containing the following documents:

1. The Holy Bible.
2. Methodist Discipline.
3. Methodist Hymn Book.
4. Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
5. Minutes of Philadelphia Annual Conference.
6. Report of the Mis. Society of M. E. C.
7. Report of Philadelphia Conference.
8. Methodist Almanac for 1841.
9. Christian Advocate and Journal.
10. Philadelphia Repository—N. Jersey Appointments.
11. Africa's Luminary.
12. Catalogue of Officers and Students of Dickinson College.
13. Catalogue of Wesleyan Collegiate Institute.
14. Medal, struck in England, on the occasion of Centenary of Methodism.
15. Copy Saturday Chronicle, containing a description of Trinity Church.
16. Copies of several Daily Papers of Philadelphia, containing an account of Funeral Ceremonies of President Harrison, &c.
17. List of Officers of the General and State Governments.
18. List of Members of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church.
19. History of the rise and progress of Trinity Church.

This ceremony being concluded another hymn was sung, beginning

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

The blessing of God on the undertaking was then invoked in a very impressive manner by Bishop Hedding, after which the benediction was pronounced and the assembly dispersed. From a thousand to twelve hundred persons witnessed the ceremony.

Rates of Interest.

As it often becomes necessary to be acquainted with the rates of interest in other States, we have at some pains, compiled a table showing the various rates of interest in every State of the Union. We would recommend our subscribers to cut it out and preserve it in some convenient place.

In Maine, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Delaware, the legal interest is 6 per cent., and in case of usury a forfeit of the whole debt.

In New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Illinois, 6 per cent., and a forfeit in cases of usury of three times the amount unlawfully taken.

In Virginia and North Carolina, 6 per cent., and a forfeit of double the usury taken.

In Tennessee and Ohio, 6 per cent. is the legal interest, and usurious contracts are void.

Vermont, 6 per cent.—recovery in action with costs.

Rhode Island, 6 per cent.—forfeit on the money and interest on the debt.

Kentucky, 6 per cent.—usury may be recovered, with cost.

Maryland, 6 per cent.—on tobacco contracts 8 per cent. Usurious contracts void.

Indiana, 6 per cent.—on written agreement may go as high as 10—penalty of usury, a fine of double the excess.

South Carolina, 7 per cent. Forfeit of interest and premium taken, with costs to debtor.

Georgia, 8 per cent.—forfeit of three times the usury and contract void.

Alabama, 8 per cent.—forfeit of interest and usury.

Mississippi, 8 per cent.—by contract as high as 10—usury recoverable in action of debt.

Louisiana, 5 per cent.—bank interest 6—conventional as high as 10—beyond contract, void.

Missouri, 6 per cent. by agreement, as high as 10—if beyond, forfeit of the whole interest due, and of the usury due.

Michigan, 7 per cent.—forfeit of the usury taken, and one fourth the debt.

Arkansas, 6 per cent.—by agreement, any rate not higher than 10. Amount of usury recoverable, but contracts void.

Florida, 8 per cent.—forfeit of interest and excess in case of usury.

Wisconsin, 7 per cent.—by agreement not over 12—forfeit treble the excess.

On debts and judgments in favor of the United States, interest is computed at 6 per cent a year.

Dreadful Fire in New York.

A dreadful fire occurred in New York on Friday, the 7th inst. It originated either in the rear of No. 148 Pearl street, or of No. 112 Water street, the former occupied by Messrs. Richards, Bassett & Aborn, dry goods dealers, and the upper part of Mr. Samuel Cochran, dealer in laces; the latter by Mr. William Rust, drug dealer, and by J. Durand & Co. From these buildings the fire extended in Pearl street to No. 146, H. B. Howard, dry goods, No. 144, N. W. Sandford, No. 150, Booth & Tuttle, dry goods, T. Sheldon & Co. French Importers; and on Water street, to No. 114, Rufus Clark & Co. wholesale boot and shoe dealers, and 110, Widow Miller & Co. tobacco dealers.

Mr. Rust was partly insured, his loss besides amounts to about $4000 or $5000. Mr. Cochran's loss is estimated at about $60,000, said to be insured. Richards, Bassett & Aborn's loss is estimated at about $40,000—insured, S. Durand & Co's loss in notes and valuable papers, is estimated from $15,000 to $20,000—no insurance; the loss on the buildings about $20,000. We have not heard any estimate made of the other losses.

The result of this great fire is worthy of notice. Of upward of twelve individuals or firms burnt out, only four meet with any loss worth mentioning; and one of these firms was insured for $60,000, and lost $90,000, dead loss $30,000; another lost about $3000, who was insured for $60,000; another who was insured for $3000, met with a loss of $5000, dead loss $2000; and one firm, Durand & Co. who had just moved into the store, lost $20,000, nothing insured. The whole amount of loss is about $350,000, of which only fifty thousand dollars were uninsured. Insure, then! It will strengthen philosophy very much during a fire, and aid exertions very much after it. The Insurance Companies have been paid for their risk, so they need no pity.

Church Consecrated.

On Sunday morning last the Roman Catholic Church of St. Philip, in Queen street, between Second and Third, Southwark, was consecrated, to the worship of God, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, assisted by the Very Rev. Messrs Gartland, Kenrick, and a number of the clergy. The church was completely crammed, and a large crowd of people collected outside. A collection was taken up, and the sum of $500 obtained. The Rev. Mr. Dunn is the Pastor. The church is large and commodiously built, and when entirely finished, will accommodate a large number of persons. The seats on the floor are finished, as also the gallery running across the north end of the building; and there yet remains to be erected, galleries running the length of the building. The basement floor, which is on a level with the street, is to be used as a school room, and is admirably adapted for the purpose, both as regards light and air. The seats in the church will be entirely free. The front of the building is neat and plain, and will be stuccoed; and when finished, will present a very handsome appearance.

Dr. Channing's Lecture.

The lecture of Dr. Channing on Tuesday evening was listened to by a crowd of eager hearers, and was an effort worthy of his distinguished reputation. The address without being brilliant was beautiful, more resembling the calm flow of a majestic river than the flashing splendor of a mountain cataract. The subject was the present age. Commencing with a eulogy on public lecturing, the Doctor glided insensibly into a masterly sketch of the characteristics of the present age, and observed that it was remarkable chiefly for one feature, its expansive, diffusive, universal quality. The lecture lasted for an hour and a half, and was listened to with the profoundest attention. The voice of the Doctor is weak, and his elocution common place.

Canada Parliament Prorogued.

We have been favored by a friend with a Proclamation from Lord Sydenham, of Canada, according to which, the meeting of the United Legislature is postponed from the 26th of May to the 14th of June.

General Assembly.

The Old School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, commences its annual session in the Seventh Presbyterian Church in this city, on Thursday, 20th inst.

Artist's Fund Exhibition.

We resume our notices of this exhibition.

No. 76.—Falls of Anio at Tivoli—R. Wilson. This is, in many respects, a striking picture, but not being by an American artist, we pass it by.

No. 79.—View from the Jersey Shore looking toward Philadelphia—G. R. Bonfield. Excellent. The artist, however, would have made a better picture had he adhered less closely to nature. Witness the tree on the left hand, and the want of force in portions of the foreground.

No. 85.—Portrait of G. W. Bethune, D. D.—J. R. Neagle. A fine picture, but a wretched likeness. The reverend gentleman's face looks here like that of an overgrown baby. The left hand is, however, exquisite. As a whole we like this picture.

No. 96.—The Young Mother—J. P. Merrill. A vile daub.

No. 103.—Portrait of a Lady—T. S. Officer. In the minute fidelity of portions of this picture, we recognise the miniature painter; in the total want of merit as a whole, we read the inability of Mr. Officer to paint in oil colors. His miniatures, though cold, are exquisite: let him adhere to them.

No. 114.—Death of old Mortality—P. F. Rothermel. This is Rothermel's *chef d'oeuvre*. Possessing several glaring faults, it displays an imagination, on the part of the artist, *of the very highest order*. Without fear of contradiction we may say, that, although its coloring and drawing are open to criticism, yet its design evinces genius.

The first object which arrests the eye is the colossal figure of a white horse, nearly in the centre of the picture. At the feet of the animal lies the dying man, his grey head reposing on a gentle bank of flowers, and his emaciated hands clasped tightly before him. But the expression of his countenance, who shall describe! The silent agony of that hour, when the old Cameronian lay dying on the hill-side, has defied the poet's but not the painter's power. Alone, if where God is is to be alone—friendless, unless his dumb companion is a friend—houseless, if the sky above him had not been his roof for years—all this is written on the patriarch's face with a truth and force no common hand could have depicted. It tells its own story. He is dying with no friend to soothe his agony, no hand to wipe his clammy brow.

"his parting breath
Is caught by wild winds only,—
His is the bitter death!
For he dies lonely."

The surrounding circumstances are all in keeping. The ruined castle in the distance—the old tree shattered by lightning—the very glow of the declining day, not only harmonise with, but advance the story. Yet they are accessories such only as a fine imagination would have prompted. The idea of clothing with flowers the blasted tree and the bank on which the dying man's head reposes, and thus *beautifying decay*, is another mark of the vigorous imagination of Rothermel. This portion of the artist's conception is not, however, properly carried out. The flowers are too varied in hue, and too fantastic: besides this part of the picture ought to have been in deeper shadow. This would have given force to the composition, and brought out with more boldness the figures of Old Mortality and his horse. Indeed the great fault of the picture is the absence of effect. When examined at but a few paces distance its beauties are lost, and the beholder sees nothing but a colossal white-horse, surrounded by a mass of blue, yellow, red, and green, apparently smeared around, in utter defiance of rule. But approach the picture, and the scene changes! Imagination, glorious and overpowering, shines out in every part.

These faults, however, are such as a little study will remove. We have already spoken largely of Mr. R. we will in dismissing him, only say that he is *personally* a stranger to us. We prophesy much of him. Will he permit us to add that No 156, *a scene from Calvary*, is extravagant, fantastical, and throughout faulty!

No. 124.—Dead Game—D. Cunliffe. Good. This however is the lowest branch of the art.

No. 126.—Portrait of a Lady—J. R. Lambdin. A very good picture. Mr. Lambdin has not furnished as many specimens of his pencil as usual, this year.

No. 134.—Landscape—T. Birch. A meritorious picture.

No. 135.—The Poet's Dream—E. G. Leutze. This is a gem, yet one not wholly faultless. Its greatest merit is its coloring. Under Leutze's pencil, the tints appear to harmonise together, like the notes in some delicious song. The depth, brilliancy, and richness of his coloring, who, of the American artists, can surpass!

The recumbent figure of the poet is fine: so is a portion of the luminous female in the air. But the dove—if a dove it be—on the left of the picture is altogether *outre*, while the laughing chubby youngster on the right is stolen from Reynold's Puck, and spoilt in the stealing.

No. 136.—The Susquehannah in the Olden Time—J. Shaw. This is Mr. Shaw's best picture, we may add the best American landscape in the room. It has all Shaw's faults and all his merits. Its aerial perspective is unrivalled. Yet it is cold and full of mannerism.

No. 142.—The Sea Shore—T. Birch. A faithful copy of nature, but a poor composition. Mr. Birch has little poetry. All his pictures are true in the representations of water, rocks, breakers, sky, &c. but we never yet saw him combine them so as to produce a poetical effect. No. 21 is a striking example of this. How true and life-like it seems, but how devoid of imagination *as a whole*. Birch never painted a picture like the "Wreck off St. Michael's Mount."

No. 143.—Portrait of a Lady—Wm. Page. We know not how to accord to this sufficient praise. It is almost like a Vandyke. How finely the artist has, after the style of the old masters, by throwing every other portion of the picture into shadow, concentrated the whole interest on the face! The flesh-tints we particularly admire.

No. 145.—Landscape—A. B. Durand. A really excellent composition.

No. 149.—Portrait of a Lady—Rembrandt Peale. The French school is perceptible throughout this picture. It is elaborately finished.

No. 160.—The Angel's Whisper—E. G. Leutze. The effect of this picture, when viewed at a distance is fine, as you then perceive nothing but the mother and child, surrounded by the deepest shadows beneath, and luminous clouds above. As you approach nigher, however, you see an arch of chubby cheeked cherubs, each with a glow-worm on its forehead, ranged over the two principal figures, like the stars over the eagle in the old dollar pieces, while each star varying in color from its fellow, gives the whole the appearance, as a friend at our elbow says—of a row of Chinese lamps at a Vauxhall garden. And these are the angels, forsooth!

With the exception of this, and Leutze's characteristic bad drawing, the Angel's Whisper is a beautiful picture.

No. 162.—Scene from Hamlet—Wm. M. Crowley. We should like to know the committee who admit or reject pictures for the exhibition. Certainly they are very good-humored.

No. 194.—A girl listening to a shell—D. Dickinson. We once saw a group of water-nymphs by this gentleman, playing all sorts of antics in what was made for water. We fancied we had never seen anything so libellous. But here Herod has out-Heroded himself. Mr. Dickinson can make good miniatures, but if he aspires to oil colors, his forte will be in grinding the paints.

No. 199.—Portrait of a Lady—E. G. Leutze. We have not room to speak of this as it deserves. It is, however, one of the finest portraits in the room.

No. 205.—Sea Shore—J. Hamilton. This gentleman has several other commendable water-color paintings on the walls.

No. 206.—Cape May Light-house—A. W. Walker. The shore, light-house, and breakers in this affair, look as if they had been newly white-washed for the occasion.

No. 209.—Cousin Lizzy.

"No gems are on her simple dress,
Nor in her braided hair,
Yet sweet simplicity and grace
Outshine e'en diamond there."

That is all the catalogue says. We only wish she was *our* cousin. Ah! the very thought of it comes over us "like the breath of summer." These cousins—by 'r faith!—are dangerous little vixens. The sly, bewitching gipsey!

No. 249.—Miniature Portrait of a Gentleman—T. E. Barratt. Excellent. Mr. Barratt improves yearly. His No. 227 is an admirable picture of an admirable face.

There are several excellent miniatures, and many good pictures, together with a vast medley of wretched ones of both kinds, yet remaining unnoticed. But we must omit them.

Bank Certificates.

A law was passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature on the eve of adjournment, respecting the issue of Bank certificates, of which the following is a copy. It will be seen that, according to the act, no certificate can be issued, after the first of July next, if it purports to be receivable on deposite:

An Act *relating to Banks, and for other purposes.*

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c. That from and after the first day of July next, it shall not be lawful for any bank in this Commonwealth to issue or re-issue any certificate in the similitude of a bank note purporting to be receivable on deposits, special or general, under a penalty of five dollars for every certificate so issued or received; to be recovered as debts of like amount are by law recoverable, for the use of the person suing therefor. And the said bank shall be liable for any such issue already made, as if the same were made payable on demand, and were in the form of a bank note; *Provided*, that nothing contained in this act shall be so constructed as to prevent the banks of this Commonwealth from issuing or re-issuing the notes authorised by the act entitled "An act to provide revenue to meet the demands on the Treasury, and for other purposes," passed the fourth May, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one.

Approved 5th May, 1841. David R. Porter.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Britannia.

News respecting the President—Further—China and India—Attacks on the Forts at the Bogue—Compromise—Evacuation of the Forts—Future footing of Trade—Settlement of the Eastern Question—Turkey and Egypt—Spain, Belgium, Switzerland and France.

The steam ship Britannia, at Boston, has brought intelligence from England, up to the morning of the 20th ult. We are again indebted to Harnden's express, for files of papers.

The Steam Ship President.

It is with extreme regret we announce that the steam ship President had not arrived at Liverpool when the Britannia departed, nor had any tidings been had of her.

As such an intense anxiety is felt both in this country and in Europe, for her safety, we copy below a number of articles relating to her.

The hopes entertained in England that she had put in at Halifax or Bermuda, are known here to be fallacious.

The London Examiner of the 18th ult., holds the following language:

"Day by day, and, indeed, hour by hour, during the week, has the arrival of the President steam ship been most anxiously looked for by all classes of the public. The interest and the apprehensions for her fate are now universal. Late on Friday—another Friday—we are still without the slightest positive intelligence. Various rumors have been afloat from day to day, but each in turn proved groundless. The arrival of the two ships from the United States on Thursday was eagerly expected; but these afford no information whatever respecting the steam ship President. The place from which we now look for her, or of her, is from Bermuda, or the Western Islands, to either of which she may have succeeded in reaching disabled.

Captain Fayrer, her late able commander, is of opinion that she is safe; and his opinion and knowledge of her power are entitled to great consideration. With respect to the probability of the President having run for Bermuda, she, it will be recollected, left New York on the 11th ult., but the latest advices received in the United States from Bermuda were only to the 15th; so that there had not been time for her to reach that island, even if, as is supposed, she made for it after the storm of the 12th and 13th. The worst forebodings are now entertained as to her fate."

The Dublin Evening Mail contains the following:—

"A letter this day reached Dublin, bearing the Havre postmark of the 10th of April, which was posted at Quebec on the 2d of March, and directed to be sent by the President.

It bears the New York date stamp of the 8th of March, three days prior to the day fixed for the sailing of that vessel; therefore it is inferred that the letter came by her—that she is safe, or, at all events, that her crew and passengers have escaped the fate to which it was feared they had been doomed."

So general was the alarm, that insurance could not be effected on the President at less than eighty per ct.

Her Majesty, upon leaving Buckingham Palace for Windsor Castle, left commands that immediately upon the news of the safety of the President reaching London, a special messenger should be despatched with the intelligence.

Letters dated the 15th of March had been received at Liverpool from Bermuda. The following is an extract from one:

"We have had terrific weather here lately, and I hear that it is likely to continue until the month is out. Ships are continually coming in damaged, and all of them on approaching the island are obliged to strike topmasts for safety. Once in, all is snug, and the supplies abundant."

Varieties.

The steamer Caledonia made the entire passage from Boston to Liverpool in 13 days and 18 hours, out of which time she was detained 24 hours at Halifax waiting for the Canadian mails.

Queen Victoria was to return to Buckingham Palace from Windsor Castle, April 20th, at which time also the House of Commons would assemble.

At a public meeting held at Liverpool, on the 12th ult. to consider a petition to Parliament for the total of the Corn Laws the proceedings were greatly interrupted by Chartists.

The Rangership of Windsor Great Park has been conferred upon Prince Albert.

The Duke of Sussex has entirely recovered from his late illness.

The Queen and the infant Princess enjoyed excellent health.

The little Princess regularly "takes the air," in a carriage.

Richard Lovegrove, who was arrested on a charge of purloining certain valuable articles from Windsor Castle has been discharged.

The amusements of the Easter holidays are spoken of as unusually attractive. The celebrated Greenwich fair was held this season as usual.

O'Connell is again busy in Ireland pushing the Repeal agitation.

The American news taken to England by the Caledonia has given general satisfaction.

We find nothing of importance in the English papers in relation to the case of Mc. Leod. The course of the British Government appears to be too pacific to suit some of the rabid Tory prints.

Commodore Napier arrived at Liverpool from Egypt in the steamer Oriental, on Sunday, the 18th, and was received on the following day by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, who presented him an address.

United States Bank shares sold in London on the 16th ult., at about £5, 10s.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and family, are in a painful state of suspense as to the fate of their second son, Lieutenant Lord Fitzroy Lennox, who is on board the President steamer.

The East India China Association had held a meeting, and adopted a letter to Viscount Palmerston, expressing their dissatisfaction at the arrangements entered into between Captain Elliott and the Chinese authorities. The letter was signed by all the heads of all the houses engaged in the China Trade at Liverpool, and forwarded to London. Lord Palmerston had appointed the 21st ult. as the day to receive a delegation from the merchants on the subject.

Prince Albert has presented a gold chronometer of the finest construction to each of the officers on board the vessels of the Niger expedition. His Royal Highness has also presented to the Nelson column committee, £100.

The council of the Zoological Society have made a present to her Majesty of four fine Barbary doves, which have for some time been at the menagerie. These beautiful birds are principally distinguished by a coronal around the neck.

The Mammoth.

The *Mammoth*, building by the Great Western Ship Company, at Bristol, will register about 3000 tons; but her actual tonnage will exceed 3600 tons, or about 600 tons more than any ship ever built. An immense saving in stowage will be gained in consequence of the adoption of iron for her hull, whilst her draught of water will be comparatively small. She will, consequently, be able to carry coals sufficient both for her outward and homeward passages—a most important point, when the inferior quality of coals obtainable in America, and the consequent diminution in speed are considered. Her engines are to be of 1000 horse power, and it is confidently expected that the *average* voyage across the Atlantic will be reduced to *ten* days. She will carry a vast spread of canvass, so that to all probability the engines will frequently be at rest. In consequence of the adoption of Smith's Screw Propellor, this stupendous ship will, we believe, be able to pass the present locks at Cumberland Basin, and discharge her cargo in Bristol Harbor.

Late News From China.

The overland India mail reached London on the 10th of April, bringing advices from Canton to the 23d January, Calcutta to the 18th of February and Bombay to the 1st of March.

On the 9th of January, nothing satisfactory having been elicited from the Imperial commissioner Keshen, preparations were made for attacking the Bogue forts.

A force of about 1300 men, under the command of Major Pratt, was therefore landed in a bay below Chuenpee fort, while the ships Calliope, Larne, and Hyacinth took up a position opposite the lower battery of the fort and opened a fire upon it, the steamers Queen and Nemesis throwing shells with great effect into the upper fort, so that the garrison were quickly compelled to evacuate it. The land forces, after some resistance, ascended the hill, and taking possession of this fort, poured a very destructive fire of musketry into the garrison of the lower battery, and, within two hours from their landing, the British flag waved over the fort. The loss of the British force is stated to have been 3 killed and 26 wounded; that of the Chinese is variously rated at from 500 to 700.

Simultaneously with this attack the ships Druid, Samarang, Modeste, and Columbine took up their position opposite to the fort of Ty-cocktow, which guards the southern entrance of the Bocca Tigris, and opened a heavy fire, which was, for a short time, briskly returned; but it being soon silenced, a party of sailors landed, and after a determined resistance on the part of the Chinese, this fort was also captured. The first lieutenant of the Samarang was wounded in the assault.

After the capture of the forts, the steamers were sent to destroy the war junks in Anson's Bay; but the shallowness of the water admitted only of the approach of the Nemesis, towing some ten or twelve boats. The junks endeavored to escape, but a rocket from the Nemesis blew up the powder magazine of one of them, and eighteen more which were set on fire by the English boats' crews also successively blew up.

Next morning her Majesty's ship Blenheim began to throw shells into the batteries at Wantong, and was preparing to attack the chief fort of Anunghoy, when the Chinese Commander-in-Chief made a communication to Capt. Elliott, who thereupon desisted from further hostilities. On the 20th of January, a circular was addressed by the British Plenipotentiary to her Majesty's subjects in China, announcing that preliminary arrangements between the Imperial Commissioner and himself had been made to the following effect:

"1. The cession of the island and harbor of Hong Kong to the British Crown. All just charges and duties to the empire upon the commerce carried on there to be paid as if the trade were conducted at Whampoa.

"2. An indemnity to the British Government of $6,000,000, $1,000,000 payable at once, and the remainder in equal annual instalments, ending in 1845.

"3. Direct official intercourse between the countries upon an equal footing.

"4. The trade of the port of Canton to be opened within ten days after the Chinese New Year, and to be carried on at Whampoa till further arrangements are practicable at the new settlement. Details remain matter of negotiation."

"Anong Kong was to be garrisoned by the 18th Royal Irish, and the harbor protected by two 18 gun vessels. The Plenipotentiary has published officially his intentions to urge the opium indemnification claims upon the British Government, with the concurrence also of the Governor-General of India."

The following particulars, in addition to what is given above, are gleaned from the correspondence of the Morning Chronicle:—

Bombay, March 1.

Her majesty's ship Columbine has proceeded to Chusan to recall the whole of the troops, as possession of the island is now to be returned to the Chinese.

The Imperial Commissioner has despatched an order to Ningpoo, directing the release of all prisoners detained there.

As will be supposed, the terms of arrangement agreed upon by Captain Elliott and the Imperial Commissioner have been made the subject already of a great deal of discussion. The prevailing feeling is decidedly that of dissatisfaction, but this may be in some degree attributable to the dislike so generally entertained of Captain Elliott. At the present time I have no space to notice the arguments adduced on the subject.

Withdrawal of the Forces from the Bogue.

On the night of the 22d of January, His Excellency, Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer arrived in the Roads, accompanied by several ships of war and steamers. The English colors were removed from, and Chinese planted in their stead, on Chuenpee. On Thursday last, the ships of war have, we learn, all left the Bogue, and part of them will proceed to Hong Kong immediately to take possession of that island in the name of Her Majesty.

Macao, Jan. 21, 1841.—Chusan, it is understood, will be evacuated, and no port will be open to the northward. The future course of the opium trade does not seem to have formed a subject of discussion; but we understand opium may be imported into the new settlement, although contraband in China.

The general trade, this season, is to be carried on at Whampoa; and until we learn the proposed measures of the British government with regard to Hong Kong, we cannot pretend to say when it is likely to be diverted to the new settlement. Altogether we look upon the arrangement as a very unsatisfactory description of compromise; and we fear the only real and tangible result will be a payment of $6,000,000 within the specified time, possibly collected by some additional imposts on the foreign trade. We do not learn that any reduction of the existing heavy duties is in contemplation, or any modification of the objectionable Hong system; but we trust, when the details of the arrangement are promulgated, we shall find these matters will be properly arranged, and some hope be afforded of a more secure system of trade for the future.

Eastern Question Settled.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post states, on the authority of a letter from Vienna, of the 11th inst. that the Eastern question may be regarded as settled, for that Reschid Pacha, who had been only the creature of Lord Ponsonby, had been dismissed through the united efforts of the Russian and Austrian ambassadors, and has been replaced by Rifaat Bey, who was formerly ambassador at Vienna, and who, since that period, has been in close connection with Prince Metternich. At Rifaat Bey's first conference with Baron Sturmer, the new minister for foreign affairs solemnly promised that within a few days the Porte would publish a new hatti scheriff, with the modifications urged by Austria, namely, the direct succession to the pachalic of Egypt. This news is said to have produced a great sensation in the diplomatic circles at Paris, not only because of the defeat of Lord Ponsonby, and his probable recall, but on account of the complete fall of the system of reforms and changes into which Reschid Pacha had embarked. The abdication of Mehemit Ali in favor of Ibrahim Pacha, is looked upon as a probable event.

Turkey and Egypt.

The mutual affairs of these two powers yet remain in abeyance, the Porte not having determined on the ultimate line of conduct it will pursue toward the Pacha. The following paragraphs contain about all there is of interest:

The Leipsic Gazette under the date of Vienna, 2nd inst. mentions that Prince Metternich had lately declared that "if the treaty of London was not executed in the spirit of humanity in which it was conceived toward Mehemet Ali, Austria would withdraw completely from it, and leave to the authors of a war, which would then become inevitable, all the responsibility of such a calamity."

The Christians of Canada have revolted against the Porte, and appealed to the commander of a British frigate for support in asserting their right to an independent government under the protection of England. They form a majority of the population of the island; and they enjoyed immunities under the rule of Mehemet Ali of which they are now deprived.

France.

M. Guizot as Minister of Foreign Affairs, has sent 10,000f. for the relief of the Maronite families who are victims of the late events in Syria.

The Paris *Temps* of Wednesday gives the subjoined announcement as official—

"The Five Powers who signed the convention of London, prepared a treaty of defensive alliance against France. Lord Palmerston wished that it should be signed immediately. Lord Melbourne, more prudent, communicated to King Leopold, his habitual mediator in those kinds of communications. Leopold, in his turn, informed the principal person interested. This step put an end to all irresolution; and we re-enter the European concert, on condition that the other Powers will renounce the idea of forming an alliance against us."

For the first time since 1830, the soldiers of the garrison of Paris were brought to church, to be present at the religious service on Good Friday.

Switzerland.

Private letters from Berne of the 6th April, state that notwithstanding the recent decision of the Federal Diet against the right of the canton of Argau to suppress the Catholic convents of the canton, the Argovian Government was proceeding as actively as ever with the spoliation of those institutions. The Catholic population, on the other hand, emboldened by the admission of their rights by the Legislature, were preparing, with the aid of their allies, to enforce the execution of the decree. The Conservative party at Lucerne were ready to support the Catholics of Argau by force of arms. The representatives of Austria, Russia and England had taken a strong part in urging the Diet to oppose the proceedings of the Argau Government.

Belgium.

A change of Ministry has taken place in Belgium. General Buzen, War Minister in the late cabinet still retains his post. M. Nothomb has issued an address to the Governors of the provinces, in which he intimates that the late Ministry resigned because the King refused to dissolve the Chambers; which he did in order to avoid needless popular excitement. From the tenor of M. Nothomb's address, it seems that the present Cabinet is to be considered as a coalition of opposite parties.

Spain.

The intelligence from Madrid is to the 9th of April.

Committees of the Senate and the Deputies had reported on the abdiction of Queen Christina, and declared that act legal.

Some questions had been put to Ministers, in the chamber of Deputies, as to the marriage of Queen Christine; they said that they had no official information on the subject.

Case of McLeod.

McLeod was brought up before the Supreme Court on a *habeas corpus* at New York, on Thursday week, Chief Justice Nelson and Justice Cowan on the bench. As the interest in his case is universal, we re-republish the following detailed account of the proceedings from the New York Herald:

As it was generally known that the case of Alexander McLeod would come up this day (May 6th) before the Court, the doors were besieged at an early hour by gentlemen of the bar and others, who desired admission.—There were also several elegantly dressed ladies present, who obtained ingress through the personal exertions of distinguished members of the bar, and were accommodated with seats near the bench. McLeod was brought into court by the Sheriff of Niagara county, without particular observation, his person not being generally known. He took a seat within the recess of one of the western windows of the court room, where he remained as long as his presence was necessary. He is a man of gentlemanly bearing, rather over the middle height, of a very respectable exterior, but of a sallow complexion. His counsel in attendance were Mr. Joshua A. Spencer, who has received the appointment of United States District Attorney for the Western District of New York, since McLeod became his client, and Mr. Bradley. The Attorney General for the State, Mr. Willis Hall, and Mr. Wood, the District Attorney for the county of Niagara, appeared for the people. The court having been opened, and some unimportant business disposed of,

The chief justice observed—Motions in Criminal cases in order.

Mr. Spencer—I have a case of that description, sir. It is the case of Alexander McLeod, who is brought up on *habeas corpus*. We are ready to proceed with the argument now, or when the morning business is closed, as the court may please. We bring here the record as well as the body.

Chief Justice—What is the nature of your motion?

Mr. Spencer—We intend to move for the discharge of the prisoner, though there are several motions, some of which are consequent upon the others. We shall move for the prisoner's discharge, on the ground that the offence with which he stands charged is a public offence, if any thing, committed under the authority of the Colonial Government. The conduct and the order have been approved by the British Government, of which we have evidence, and which we make part of the Sheriff's answer and return.

Chief Justice—If there is to be any investigation beyond the record, perhaps it would be better to make a disposition of that question now.

Mr. Spencer—Oh! there will be nothing of that sort.

Chief Justice—And give time to produce any evidence that may be desired.

The Attorney General—The case has been presented to the court on the allegation of the prisoner, to which we demur, on the part of the people; as we deem those allegations insufficient to sustain the present motion.

Chief Justice—Then the case is ready for argument on both sides?

Mr. Spencer—On both sides.

Chief Justice—On account of the importance of the case, we are inclined to postpone the argument until the arrival of Judge Bronson, that there may be a full bench; and he probably will not be down until next week.

Mr. Spencer—So far as I am concerned it would be convenient to postpone it until the next non-enumerated day—Friday of next week. How will it suit your convenience, Mr. Attorney General?

Attorney General—Friday of next will be convenient for the prosecuting officers, and if no objection be made we will defer it to that day.

Chief Justice—We set the case down then for Friday week, at the opening of the court.

The Attorney General, at a subsequent period of the morning, informed the court that Friday week was the day set apart as the day of general fasting and humiliation, in consequence of the Providential bereavement of the nation by the demise of the late President.

Chief Justice—Take Saturday then.

McLeod was then removed in the custody of the sheriff, but in consequence of the greatly increased crowd, and the excitement which was observable, he was re-conveyed in a coach to the debtors' goal in Centre street, where he is confined, instead of walking through the streets as he did when brought up. By those well informed in the matter, it is understood that McLeod's affidavit will set forth the orders of the Colonial authorities, to cut off the Caroline wheresoever she might be found, as a piratical vessel—that McLeod, however, was not one of the party—and also a letter from Mr. Fox, the British Minister, to the Federal Government, addressed to Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State, assuming the act on the part of the British Government.

New Publications.

The Tragedy of the Seas, or Sorrow on the Ocean, Lake, and River from Shipwreck, Plague, Fire, and Famine—*By Charles Ellms—Carey & Hart, 1841.*—This is the somewhat *ad captandum* title of a work, devoted to a narrative of disasters at sea, somewhat after the style of, although not so voluminous as, the Mariner's Chronicles, which we remember as one of the first works we perused in boyhood. The avidity with which we devoured its pages we shall never forget. Like Robinson Crusoe and The Pilgrim's Progress it enchanted us beyond measure.

The present work is destined to have an extensive sale, nor should we be surprised if a larger edition of it should be sold than of any other work published within the last year. It is in fact the very thing for a *popular* book. We cannot agree therefore with one or two New York presses who have taken it upon themselves to condemn the book, because forsooth! it does not chime in with their peculiar notions of elegance and utility, forgetting that their taste is not likely to be—as in this case it is not—that of the masses. Such narrow-minded criticisms are, however, but too prevalent. There should be books for all sorts of readers, as much as newspapers for all sorts of tastes. That criticism which would approve or condemn a work, according as it suited or not a particular class is narrow, illiberal, and nonsensical.

The wood-cuts in the work before us vary considerably in their merit, some being praiseworthy, and some only *mediocre*. Several narratives of thrilling interest occupy the letter-press of the book. Among these we call attention particularly to full accounts of the loss of the Pulaski and Home steamships.

The work is got up, with the partial exception noticed above, in excellent style, the letter-press being particularly commendable.

Arcturus, *a journal of Books and Opinions—May, 1841—J. W. Scammel agent, 87 Dock street.*—This monthly is rapidly rising into notice. It is conducted with talent, and aiming at a more solid literature than its cotemporaries, commends itself especially to the scholar. The leading article is entitled "The Presidential Death," and should be read by all. Then there is an *olla podrida* dish, entitled "Table Talk." An article on T. B. Maculay is well written, and does justice to that brilliant writer. "Unpublished Lectures," by T. Carlyle, is a valuable paper. Besides, there are various other articles, together with a hash made up by the editor, after the style of that in the Knickerbocker. We see that in the June number, which, by the bye, will open a new volume, a story, to be illustrated by etchings, and called "The Career of Puffer Hopkins," will be commenced. The work deserves success, and we believe obtains it.

Outlines of Geography and History—*By F. Emerson—1 vol.—Hogan & Thompson.*—An excellent school-book, full of valuable matter, and appropriately illustrated by wood cuts. The arrangement of the different topics in the work is admirable. We prophesy for Emerson's Geography and History an almost boundless circulation. The idea of combining the geography and history of a country together is alone sufficient to ensure for the work a popularity among teachers almost unprecedented.

Waldie's Library has begun Combe's tour in the United States. A more entertaining work our enterprising friend Waldie could not have hit upon for his miscellany. It will increase, if that is possible, the already high reputation of the Library.

The Musical Reporter *for May* is on our table, filled with choice matter, pertaining to the science of music. This is an *unique* work, and deserves patronage. *Agent J. W. Scammel, 87 Dock street.*

Littell's Dollar Magazine *for May.*—An excellent number, containing several powerfully written articles, copied from European magazines.

Disorders in Ireland.

The disorders in Ireland, which at various times, have broken forth with such fierceness, are not yet, it would appear, completely pacified. The London Times of the 19th ult. contains an account of an outbreak in the northern part of the county of Tipperary, so extensive as to border on insurrection. The information is contained in a letter, a portion of which we copy:

"The town of Nenagh has the appearance of a place preparing for a seige, the streets being crowded with troops despatched thither from the garrison of Limerick, comprising a troop of the 17th Lancers, two companies of the 20th Foot, and two or three pieces of ordinance were expected to arrive there in the course of Friday evening. The orders of the military are to scour the disturbed districts day and night in bodies of twenty-five and thirty, and to be in constant readiness for active duty at five minutes' warning. In the mean time, the work of bloodshed and outrage progresses with fearful rapidity. Two more murders were committed in the broad daylight yesterday, on the lands of Curraghmore, in the parish of Kilbarron. The names of these unhappy victims to Ribandism, were Tierney and Gleeson. Major-General Sir Parker Carrol, the commanding officer of the district has been served with a Rockite notice, warning him to be prepared for the fate which momentarily impends over him, in consequence of ejecting a woman from some land, the same being in direct contravention of the Riband code. The list of outrages, in the shape of similar notices, together with assaults on the person, &c. would occupy too much of your space. I shall, therefore, merely abridge some of the particulars elicited at the inquest on the body of the wretched Hayes—a brief notice of whose murder appeared in the Times of Friday. This barbarous deed was committed within about six miles of Nenagh, on the borders of the mighty Shannon, and in one of the wildest districts of Ireland. Contiguous to the house of the unhappy man are a half a dozen lonely dwellings, which are chiefly occupied by fishermen, and are situated between mountains, which command a picturesque view of that magnificent river. There is no direct passage to the place and the coroner and his party were obliged, after leaving the high road, to traverse for upwards of a mile an almost inaccessible tract of country, ere they reached the fatal spot."

Mitchell Arrested.

Mitchell, the forger and member of Congress, has at last been captured by the Montreal Police. Mitchell was taken at Longue Pointe, a few miles from Montreal, and was foolish enough, to attempt to throw above twenty thousand dollars into the St. Lawrence, a circumstance which could not have benefitted him.

A letter from Police officer Bowyer, to the N. York Herald, furnishes these additional particulars:

"I have at length secured the Hon. M. C. and much pleased I am, but blush to say that he is an American. He didn't attempt to use his contingent friends, but tried hard to escape. I am much indebted to the untiring vigilance of Alexander Comeau, Captain of Police, and two of his officers, for his arrest. He had been concealed for a week at Point au Tremble, about ten miles from here, and on attempting to arrest him, he leaped from the garret window, and made for the river St. Lawrence. Finding himself pursued, he plunged in, when one of the officers told him to stop, or he would fire. He then took from his bosom a package of money containing $2700, and said 'there is the last'—threw it into the stream, and said—'fire—I am now ready to die.' At this moment a companion of his, before he could be prevented, shoved off a canoe to him in which he got, and made for an island in the river; but soon after he was captured and brought here. He is now safe under bolts and bars, awaiting the requisition of our Governor, which I hope I will soon receive, as I am anxious to get home with him."

It is currently reported that Mitchell, although arrested, stands a very good chance of escape. The rumor is, that the Governor of New York has declined making a requisition for the absconding forger, upon the ground that he has no power to do so, and that he has applied to the President of the United States, or the Secretary of State, to make it. It is added also that the Washington Government declines upon the ground that there is no precedent, or that the most it can do is to turn the case over to the British Minister, requesting his friendly interposition. It is supposed, after the refusal to deliver up Dr. Holmes, who fled to Vermont, the Canadian authorities will hardly feel the necessity of complying with any request to surrender Mitchell.

Important Search.

We stated some time since, that the body of a woman had been discovered in the woods, near Salem, N. J. Since that time a man named Hull has been arrested and committed to prison, charged with being the murderer of the deceased. The following notice has since then appeared, and if the woman is still alive, and any one knows where she can be found it would be an act not only of charity, but a duty, to forward the required intelligence to Salem.

"A girl named Caroline Hull, formerly from the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth, in the county of Cumberland, having mysteriously disappeared, and a man having been committed to the gaol of the county of Salem, on suspicion of the murder of the said Caroline Hull; any information respecting her is, under the circumstances, earnestly requested.—The said Caroline Hull is now, if living, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and sometimes passed by the name of Caroline Thomas or Townsend. If the said Caroline Hull is now living, she is desired to come to Salem, and thereby relieve the prisoner charged with her murder. Any persons who can give any information respecting her, are respectfully requested to communicate the same to George Bush, Esq., the committing Magistrate, at Salem, N. J."

Connecticut Legislature.

The Connecticut Legislature met on Wednesday the 6th inst., C. J. McCurdy was elected Speaker of the House, and Samuel C. Selden, President of the Senate, *pro tem.* Gov. Ellsworth took the oath of office, and addressed a message to the Convention, which, among other subjects, urges the necessity of a protective tariff. In regard to the concerns of his own State, he says, after two hundred years of legislation, its statues are all composed in a single volume; its annual expenses do not exceed $80,000. The State owes nothing; possesses a school fund of more than two millions of dollars, well invested, and yielding annually the sum of $113,000, or one dollar and thirty-five cents to every child between the ages of four and sixteen. "The Banks," he remarks, "Under a like supervision are, in the main, safely and judiciously conducted. The State Prison, the last year, yielded a sum exceeding $5,000." The Militia of the State are a well organized body of $40,000 men. Governor Ellsworth recommends an extension of the law to abolishing imprisonment for debt to non-residents.

Connecticut and Delaware, both in a like flourishing condition, may well be the envy of the larger States, whose greater resources are more than counterbalanced by their enormous debts.

...ATURDAY POST.

...ns Serious or the Newspaper, Pleasure, the Editor—Carey & ...hat old registration title of the Saturday Evening Post, ...ough not so voluminous ...which we remember all in boyhood. The sole ...s pages we shall never ...The Pilgrim's Progress excepted.

...to have an extensive ...of a larger edition of it ...work published within ...very thing for a popular ...er with one or two New- ...upon themselves to con- ...t does only shine in ...gnorance and utility, for- ...ly to be—as in this case ...both narrow-minded ex- ...ravalent. There should ...as much as newspapers- ...Fayetteville, N. C. subscribes ...ding us if mailed or not ...ed and remunerated. ...efore us very considera- ...graciousness, and some ...ility of disliking some ...ook. Among these we ...accounts of the loss of ...

...P. J. Bourke, New York, a duly authorized ...to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Gen- ...leman's Magazine.

...P. Wm. H. Tutt, Troy, el Vermilion, Ky. is our agent ...ver John Saunders, Esq. resigned.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of the Valley, Staunton, Va.—In, letter A. dated May 11, 1838. Signed J. McDowell for Cashier, and David Gibson for President. Payable at the counter, and signed by the cashier and president.

State Bank of Louisiana.—In, letter D. dated Oct. 9, 1839, payable at the different branches. They are tolerably well executed, and the bills have every appearance of a dull, dead look. The letter V in the left hand margin is too narrow, and the scroll ornaments are feeble. The vignette good portraits of Washington and Lafayette, with a vignette of the Battle of New Orleans. Purport to be engraved by Rawdon, Wright, & Hatch.—*Bank Reporter*.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Exchange Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
1716 shares	United States Bank.	16.12½
898 do.	do. do.	16.25
600 do.	Girard Bank.	19.12½
200 do.	Farmers' Bank.	90
50 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	20
50 do.	Exchange Bank.	87
50 do.	Girard Coal.	40
30 do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	99
20 do.	Mechanics' Bank.	62
11 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	62
5 do.	New Orleans Canal.	8
5 do.	Philadelphia Exchange.	30
5 do.	Delaware & Hudson Canal.	87
2 do.	Mechanics' Bank.	62
2 do.	Schuylkill Insurance Co.	12

The Great Forgeries.

The New Orleans Picayune states that the authors of the recent extensive forgeries upon the United States Bank and Philadelphia and New York, by means of drafts purporting to be drawn by cashier Ellis, and made payable in the Commercial Bank at New Orleans, are two rogues named Chambers and Mackey. The Picayune says:

"Chambers appears to have been "head devil" and Jim cunning, cool impudence and knowledge of finances combined, and unprecedented success in the operation. He was once arrested in Baltimore on behalf of the Charleston Banks for frauds committed there, and sent out to the Penitentiary, where he served out his time.

What Mackey's part was we cannot tell. He was long Commercial Banks, depositing and drawing small sums frequently, and no one examining his account but the Bank for $4000. After this he kept out of the way for several days; but on the 3d inst. returned to the office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if otherwise due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Those who remit money sufficient to make out a round number, when which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and State paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remember most always state the Post-office *counsel from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Local Agents.

P. J. McIlvaine, Esq. of Wapakoneta, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We cordially commend him.

P. Wm. McGary is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

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Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Exchange Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
1716 shares	United States Bank.	16.12½
898 do.	do. do.	16.25
600 do.	Girard Bank.	19.12½
200 do.	Farmers' Bank.	90
50 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	20
50 do.	Exchange Bank.	87
30 do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	99
20 do.	Mechanics' Bank.	62
11 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	62
5 do.	New Orleans Canal.	8
5 do.	Philadelphia Exchange.	30
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"Chambers appears to have been "head devil" and Jim cunning, cool impudence and knowledge of finances combined, and unprecedented success in the operation. He was once arrested in Baltimore on behalf of the Charleston Banks for frauds committed there, and sent out to the Penitentiary, where he served out his time.

What Mackey's part was we cannot tell. He was long Commercial Banks, depositing and drawing small sums frequently, and no one examining his account but the Bank for $4000. After this he kept out of the way for several days; but on the 3d inst. returned to the office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if otherwise due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Those who remit money sufficient to make out a round number, when which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and State paid for.

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General News.

Important Arrest.—We learn that the celebrated Hank Eye, alias Thompson, alias Carey, alias Ellis—alias Carey & Co. and numerous other aliases, has been apprehending their robberies and instigators in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, has been arrested in Montreal, by Captain Cowen, of the Montreal police, and will be brought to Boston for trial. The witnesses of the gang, Wood, Fisher, Britton, Bacon and Tallard, have also been taken into custody. These are the men whose accounts we mentioned a week or two ago, and are supposed to be a part of the desperate gang, whose latest exploit, in 1837, Lumsden 1837, Illinois 572, Minto 63. The whole expense of delivering and supporting the troops since 1838, has been $4,208,697 77.

Progress of Temperance in New York.—The annual report of the New York City Temperance Society states that the number of licenses to retail spirits during the past year was 2500, 257 less than the previous year, and less than the number for the year 1835, although the population of the city was very much increased. The number of persons suffered to the subscription pledge during the past year was over 16,000, and, if to this was added the 10,000 who had also adopted the pledge the two years preceding, would make 26,000. The number of licenses obtained during the past three years was about 161,000.

Passage of Steamboats in New York.—The annual report of the Harbor Master of New York, shows a great number of the inhabitants of Chautauque, are disposing of their property with the intention of emigrating to the State of Texas. New York, others to Louisiana, where many of their countrymen have made successful settlements. In the Collector's report to the first of May 1840, no less than six thousand emigrants arrived at the Barge Office, a number nearly equal to that of the same time in less than four thousand. Rumors of war, and the consequent monetary alarm have had an effect upon the timid.

Steam Vessel.—The late Oriole, Capt. Fager, from Messina, arrived at this port on Monday, with fruit, &c. Passengers, Mr. Sullivan, the bills have accepted, Mr. John Kelly, a native of Philadelphia, and a sailor named Tall, a native of England, left the vessel in the month and the purpose of catching a turtle, and while in the act of hauling him in capsized the boat and were all thrown into the water. The sailor was drowned, but Kelly and Tall, in attempting to lie on the bottom of the boat, succeeded in righting it, and were picked up.

A Great Freshet.—We learn that immense damage has been sustained in Northern Mississippi by the breaking away of the levees below Natchez. On the 25th inst. the Yallobusha were entirely submerged, and at Columbus the water was about two miles wide. There had been no estimate of the extent of the losses sustained, but they are believed to be very heavy, both to plantations on that river and on all the other large water courses.

A Cattle of Villains.—Two men were arrested a few days since in New Orleans for the murder of a man called a fisherman named Foster. They were discharged from the custody of the officers while on their way to jail, and a short after they were discharged, the police were again in pursuit of them, and found in their possession the watch of man Foster, whom they had robbed the preceding night, and the money and body was found in the canal.

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Narrow Sound Celebration.—The "Philadelphia Sunday School Union" contemplates holding a grand celebration of the anniversary of the schools of the city and suburbs, on Monday afternoon, the 24th inst. at Camac's Woods, Kensington, and in Independence Square. This is a novel enterprise in Philadelphia, but it has been attended in other places with much advantage and success, and has attracted the greatest interest and efforts to the great and growing importance of Sabbath Schools.

Dr. Dewey Parsonage—Dr. Dyott, who has now been about a year and a half been confined in the Eastern Penitentiary, on Monday morning received his pardon from Governor Porter. The pardon is entirely absolute, and not, as has been generally supposed, conditional. The document in court, proceeded to the Eastern Penitentiary and read the pardon to Dr. Dyott. Dr. Dyott, it will be remembered, was sentenced for a term of three years, and had served out almost one year of his time.

Naval Concert.—A boat in which were two men, named Henry and Jacob Sinton, upset in the Schuylkill on Monday afternoon, and drowned. The fate of the men was but an indifferent swimmer, the other could not assist him, both were saved by Mr. Charles Hoffaye, at the imminent hazard of his own life. He had seen the men from the bridge, and immediately plunged in and swam out to the almost exhausted men.

County Bills.—We are informed that the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the City and County of Philadelphia will convene on Tuesday next, at 12 o'clock, M. in the Hall of the Commissioners, to fix the rate per centum of taxation for the year 1841. The meeting is open for all the citizens and the attendance of all peaceable and orderly persons.

Important Legal Decision.—It was on Saturday decided by the Judges of the District Court, for the city and county of Philadelphia, that all the debts of the city and county of Philadelphia will continue on Tuesday next, at 12 o'clock, M. in the Hall of the Commissioners, to fix the rate per centum of taxation for the year 1841. The meeting is open for all the citizens and the attendance of all peaceable and orderly persons.

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Shot in the Street.—The Tallahassee Sentinel states that General Leigh Read, of that place, was shot in the street on Saturday last, by a person named Wm. Alston. He expired in about 14 hours afterwards. Two different versions are given of the affair, which we have not thought out mortally. The Sentinel refrains from stating the particulars of the affair, for the present.

Commendable.—The Louisville Journal states that two indictments have been presented to the grand jury of that county, for the crime of duelling, and that one of the principals engaged in the rencounter of the 4th of July, has been fined one hundred dollars for carrying a weapon, and the paper for a third party, in payment of a debt due by him, that he might escape punishment.

Attempted Robbery.—An attempt was made on Monday night to break in the watchmaker's shop of G. L. Hill, 106 Spruce street, by cutting a hole in the shutter. The thief was frightened by the noise of Mr. Sanders, who occupies the dwelling, who was prepared with a loaded gun.

Annual Oration.—But entrusted fellow citizen, David Paul Brown, Esq. will, on Wednesday next, deliver the annual oration before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, Mass., next July.

Sentence of Murder.—The penalty of Murder in the first degree has been rendered against Thomas S. Sinnet.

Army & Navy.

Naval.—The U. S. Sloops Constitution, Com. Claxton, was at Talcahuana previous to the 15th of February, and the Vincennes at Valparaiso.

The sloop of war *St. Louis*, Capt. Forrest, sailed from Norfolk on the 3d inst. for the coast of Africa.

The U. S. schr. Shark, Lieutenant Comdt. Ruggles, sailed from Norfolk on the 3d inst.

The U. S. frigate *Brandywine*, Capt. Bolton, was in the Tagus on the 15th of March.

The ship of the line Ohio, Com. Hull, and the frigate Columbia, Com. Nicholson, were at the port of Smyrna, and all were well on board both vessels. The sloop of war Erie, Com. Mayo, was at Malta on the 15th of March, and the Cyane, Com. Stockton, was at Gibraltar on the 16th of March, and all were well on board both vessels.

The U. S. schr. Grampus, Lieut. Com. Pinkney, sailed from Norfolk on the 3d inst. for the Mediterranean.

The U. S. Army.—According to Mr. Poinsett, the number of officers and men in the army and navy for the year 1840, was ten millions, being a reduction of more than two millions from the previous year.

Navy Board.—Com. Charles Morris, President of the Board of Navy Commissioners, has been appointed to the command of the Delaware, frigate for the Mediterranean, Com. Warrington will succeed to the Presidency of the Board. Com. Conn is expected to take a seat in the Board.

Naval Cruisers.—It appears that with 36 vessels in commission—During the Revolution, the Revolutionary Navy consisted of 32 vessels, and in the war of 1812 there were but 17 vessels in commission.

Mediterranean Squadron.—The American Squadron in the Mediterranean will consist of the Ohio, Columbia, Erie, Cyane, Shark, Grampus, Boxer, Enterprise, Spark, Dolphin, and Porpoise.

The Naval Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Harrisburg, Pa. on Tuesday next, will be held in Harrisburg, on Tuesday next, 19th inst. The number of persons confirmed in the Episcopal Church in this city during the past year was 641 and 1 was ordained and forth-next.

New Commander at Brooklyn Navy Yard.—Commodore Jacob Jones has been appointed to the command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Washington, in the room of Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, relieved from his duties as commander of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and Commodore Joshua R. Sands ordered to his stead.

Caught at Inaguia.—The Court of Inquiry is now in session at Norfolk, Va. for the purpose of trying the conduct of certain midshipmen charges against Commodore Jones, for the capture of Captain Basilio de Irizarri.

Commodore Beverley Kennon, has been ordered to the command of the

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Autumn Leaf.

Dost thou remember how, the sunny knot,
The village schoolmates, once rude-romping, met
The lofty cliff, from whence in ancient time,
The virgins ran, maddening before
The priests of Bacchus?

Then with cut and bound
The perilous steep we climb'd, the youngest first,
The strongest, last; and, when we all had met,
Full many a shout we sent to happier days:
Oh, ye blest moments, chariest of my life,
French'd with rebellious love and schoolboy mirth,
Oft have I sigh'd when thinking on the past,
That joys like these, might not forever last.

And here ye vanished, oh ye happy hours,
Like Ilion's dreams, and answers given of old,
Or like the rainbow of an evening sky,
That gleds the lawn, and quits descending,
Here oft in autumning some foreign shore,
A sylph like form has glided on before;
Or mass seem'd coming or dancing in the grove,
Has struck afresh the Lift of other days.

Oh constancy, reserve, and truth divine.
The angel guardians of these joys alone!
So thine the prizes from sirens flattery free,
Since heritage the fame of heaven.

Does not the soul with such impressions dwell,
Create a heaven as in my various breast,
A fount from whence, the purest sounds flow;
Safe guards of wealth, and happiness below.

Eloquence.

That eloquence which is most felt and produces the greatest results, is bold, manly, and impressive: clear in conception, fervid in expression, energetic, yet dignified in action; the eloquence, that is of language or manner, but of thought and feeling. The thousand parade, the beautiful imagery, and the graceful delivery of the artificial orator, may please the ear, amuse the fancy, and command the admiration of the hearer; but they pass no further, and the impression is effaced almost as soon as it is made, and the speaker and his subject, are alike soon forgotten. He bursts forth "like a bright exhalation in the evening," and like it, he falls and is seen no more. Even the splendid rhetoric of Isocrates, made little impression; while a simple and corrupt and feeble people, the bold, impassioned and natural style of Demosthenes, controlling supreme thought in the strongest language, disclaiming the pursuit of vain ornaments, but seizing those happy illustrations which spontaneously presented, that, by the side of nature, bore down the subtle sophistry of all who opposed him, and like the whole force of nature, swept all by the wreath and power of Philip, trembled and crouched under the terrors of his voice.

The Swiss Herds.

Formerly it was a custom among the herdsmen of Switzerland to watch the setting sun. When he had already left the valley, and his last rays lingered on the tops of the snow-capped mountains, the inhabitants of the territories which were the most elevated situations, would seize their horns, and turning towards their neighbors next beneath them, sing out through the instruments the hymn of "Praise the Lord." The sounds were then taken up in the same manner by those to whom they were addressed, and again by those beneath the latter, and thus were repeated down from hip to hip about the men, and of the Lord was re-echoed and proclaimed in song till the music reached the valleys below. A deep and solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the spiritual harpy disappeared, when the herdsmen on the mountain-tops sang out "Good night!" which was repeated by those beneath, as they descended lower, till every one had withdrawn to his resting-place.

Success at the Bar.

Men sometimes attain sudden elevation by some happy expedient, or sudden path, which leads more to fortune, without costing them that toil of ascending labor, which is necessary of all those to tread the ascent to temples of life. But legal success has never been that to science. The most renowned names, are tied to some unexpected remittance whose approach could have been expected, but whose existence was not known. The high places of the law are none of them. They are open to the view. They excite the ambition to sigh, for they have been, and are, sought again and again, by successive pursuers, from Bracton to Marshall, by the bright and beaming powers of Bacon; by Coke, with his unborn masses of learning; by the bold forensic regret of Hardwicke; by the polished force and classical perfection of Finkey; and none found to be practicable but the great, frequented tract.

Epigram.

Two jolly topers, Sam and Hugh,
Be ripping in a tavern,
And having drank to all they knew,
At last they drank to Heaven.

Religious Belief.

"I envy," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "no quality of mind or intellect of others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but I feel unperturbed satisfaction at their decided belief; and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to every other human gift; for it makes discipline of goodness, creates hopes where earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and immunity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame a leader of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly tropes, calls up the most delightful visions of palace and mansion, the grandeur of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptical are falling into decay, annihilation, and despair."

Knowledge of Men.—Yesterday evening there was an illustration here, and we sat on one morsel of the bake to the disgust of a few of the company. But I, instead of looking on the lumps, looked into the water and up to the sky, and there stood a clear, beautiful star aloft, and immovable. In the water I saw it also, beautiful indeed, but often moved by the wind, changing its form, and not seldom due. Suddenly the thought struck me—so it is with men; we know them, we judge them, and in the strangest, most complex, and often most unnatural (called by Horace) where the real character of a man is tested under the severest of a long operation. Pitiful!—look up at once into the man's face—into his soul—learn God give you opposite his way.

The Human Voice.—God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untraveled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweetness with the importance of thought, is given for its ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure, but for the prayer of affection, how grateful! In its expression of religious devotion, how powerful! In the sympathy of trouble, how dear! For its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

Kavanagh's Wit.—Once, after the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, had been speaking in Congress, several members rose in succession and attracted him. His reply was so witty as it was prompt. "Sir, said he to the Speaker, "I am in the condition of Leander—

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart,
See—they bark at me!"

Very Little Now and Then.—"Doctor," said a certain squire, after reading the prospectus of a physician whom all health had maligned him to consult, "do you think that a very little sperm now and then would hurt me much?" "Why no, sir," answered the doctor very deliberately, "I do not know that it would hurt you very much; but if you don't take any, it wont hurt you at all."

Honesty Exemplified.—A set of parish officers in a country village applied to Sheridan, a celebrated orator, to endeavor to their organ, and make improvements as it. "Gentlemen," said the honest Sheridan, "your organ is already in the highest degree new. Veil, I will spend you ten hundred pounds upon it, and I shall not know it myself."

Art.—A genuine work of art, whether wood or marble be the material, must never say, either directly or indirectly, what it would be at, but always at once. Simple as this observation is, and flowing as it does from the very nature of the beautiful, it is distinguished from the true, the greatest artists have almost missed against it unconsciously.

A Rare Specimen.—An old English lady gave in her age the following interesting intelligence to those who might desire their obituary—"Died—

"Sixpence for them that learns to read, and sixpence more for those that learns manners."

Origin of Pitched Battles.—It is generally supposed that pitch-of battles were first introduced by the Turks, and afterward adopted by the Dark (coal)-ominans.

Old Maids and Widows.—We can't blame an old maid for endeavoring to conceal her age, but we cannot see why a widow should feel ashamed about it.

A Common Fact.—There is a nobleman in London, over whose door is the following notice:

"Horses made, and mended here."

Keeping up Appearances.—Wearing handsome polished boots without soles.

O'Leary's Second Love,

Or, the Beauties of Buckenauship.

"You may easily suppose," began Mr. O'Leary, that the unhappy termination of my first passion served as a check to me for a long time against my unfortunate tendencies toward the fair; and such was really the case. I shall speak in a round fatality for three years after, without a reeling in my heart, and continued in my mind sore and sound sickness. However, at last what was bound to do. It was about four years from the date of the adventure, when I became one of the Kildare-street club failure, as again to tempt my fortune. My present object, in every way unlike the last was a gay, lively girl, of great animal spirits, and a considerable taste for raillery, that equal to one; she moreover of her own family were not even sacred in her eyes; and her father, a reverend man, as frequently figured among the ludicrous as his neighbors.

"The Everdenes had been very old friends of a such sort of mine, who never, by the by, had condescended to notice me till I made their acquaintance; but no sooner had I done so, than she sent for me, and gave me to understand that in the event of my succeeding to the hand of Fanny Everdenes, I should be her heir and the possessor of about sixty thousand pounds. She did not stop here; but by canvassing the dean in my favor, speedily put the matter on a much more flattering if and in less than two months I was received as the accepted suitor of the fair Fanny, then one of the reigning beauties of Dublin.

"They lived at this time about three miles from town, in a very pretty country, where I used to pass all my mornings, and many of my evenings too, in a style of luxury to which I should have considered perfect, if it were not for two unhappy circumstances. The one of my betrothed for laughing at her friends; another the diabolical propensity to talk jokes of my intended father-in-law; to the former I could submit; but with the latter submission only made bad worse; for he invariably drew up as I retired, as though to say that I was a fool. I had no skewers enemies, it was ill-agreeing; or with myself, for my love of politics as a school-boy does his pocket-money, never to spend, but to keep, and to hoard, and to try the scope of disputs. Such taunts as these I accounted to as well as I could; and when I got fairly out of the house the reasoning of wing and fury, I'd contrive to spend my life, after marriage, out of the worthy dean's diocese.

"Time wore on, and at length, to my most pressing solicitations, it was conceded that a day for our marriage should be appointed. Not even the most sanguine lover in the most sanguine of all sanguine days can deprive me of the happy sensation of the few days that preceded the long-looked-for occasion.

"The mornings were passed in ransacking all the shops where wedding finery could be procured —laces, liberals, velvets, and satins, littered every corner of the dressing-room, and the sacredly private carriage in a coach-maker's yard in the city that I had not set eyes on since I had been initiated in the special directions of Mrs. Everdean; who seemed to forget, in her anxiety for the due responsibility I was about to take upon me, in marrying so pretty a girl, the natural delicacy of a fond very general among many of my friends at the Kildare-street club.

"Among the many independable purchases which I was to make, and about which Fanny expressed herself in the most pathetic anxiety, was a saddle-horse for me. She was a great horsewoman herself, and was very fond of the exercise; and had given me to understand as much about half-a-dozen times a-day, for the last five weeks. How shall I acknowledge it—quarrain-like—I never rode before. I had all my life considerable respect for the horse and his rider; pretty much as I dreaded a lion or a tiger; but as to my intention of ever mounting one of the race, and taking a ride, I should as soon have dreamed of the wonders of the moon. I was, as to the thought of buying, feeding, and maintaining such a beast for the use of my own ease, I should as soon have determined to purchase a pillory or a ducking-stool, by way of investment for my money.

"However, Fanny was chatinate—whether she suspected any thing or not I cannot say—but nothing could be done but I must buy a horse; and although I pleaded a thousand things in delay, yet all was in vain. I was inquitered, and at last I saw there was nothing for it but to submit.

"The day on which I was to make my resolve, I could not help feeling that to possess a horse, and be able to ride him, was a thing not to be ridiculed; and as I had so often expressed the difficulty I had in getting through my courtship of Fanny, I could not possibly come forward with any thing very objectionable, or I should be only the laughing-stock of the whole club. I was resolved to take; a fortnight still intervened before the day was to be fixed, and I was inquitered, and at last I resolved to take lessons in riding during the interval, and every morning at seven o'clock, or sooner if possible, also to pose master on the saddle before the ride.

"Poor old Lalouette understood but little of the urgency of the case, when I requested his leave to take my lessons at seven o'clock, for I declared not almost myself during the day without exciting suspicion; and never, I will venture to assert, did knight-errant of old strive harder for the hand of his lady-love than I did, I daresay for myself, if a hippogriff had been the animal I bestrode, instead of the quiet old hack of the mall-keeper's grey. I could not have felt more inquitered, or undergone more little pangs of personal discomfort. In the first three days the unaccustomed exercise proved so serious, that when I reached the riding-house I was obliged to dismount and be dragged into such a pair of campaigners might be supposed to be both proud and pleased at my success; however, could equal the kindness of my poor dear Fanny, who, when I returned to her, after the first lesson of the German romance never created more interest in the mind of a timid girl, than she did in less than fifteen minutes, for the shattered condition of my nerves, and the utter prostration of my frame. She was all sympathy; and at last the students, who appeared to be the most unfeeling, were obliged to come to the intervention of the police. The ad was nearer than the door, when the world's naval three; and in the new mounted policemen, whose high helmets rendered them sufficiently conspicuous, were seen trotting at a steady pace down Sackville-street. The horsemen of people pressing on to the scene of action with the view of seeing a runaway, and the police came into the middle of the fray, issuing his orders, and the mob, with a shout, fled right and left, like ninepins. Up to this moment I had been a most unwilling, but yet an involuntary actor in the affair. Now, however, my part was to commence, for at the word "charge" given in harsh, deep tones by the sergeant of the Marines, removed being his ancient instinct, pricked up his ears, and off he set. Flung up both his heels, and I daresay broke the Prussian's windows, and plunged into the midst of the crowd. I thought of nothing but self-preservation must be a strong instinct, for I myself never knew little pace of it, and the fear of people tumbling and rolling before and beneath me, I continued to keep my seat for about only a moment before, and that immense mass were in vain to men encounter; now all the indignation of both parties was concentrated on me,